

# MATTERS of ART

## The Ten—A Brilliant American Sculptor—Old Masters.

Yesterday at the Fine Arts Building the National Academy of Design opened its eighty-eighth annual exhibition. We traverse below another show of American art, that of the Ten American Painters. The collection of American and foreign paintings formed by Mr. George G. Benjamin is on view at the American Art Galleries, and will be sold in the grand hall room of the Plaza next Tuesday evening. At the Knoedler Gallery there are a number of new portraits by the Hungarian painter, Louis Mark. Landscapes by F. K. M. Rehn may be seen at the Macbeth Gallery, and paintings by Edmund Greacen are at the Herter Gallery. Two exhibitions are accessible at the Powell Gallery, one given to animal drawings and pastels by Albert Humphreys, and the other to paintings in oil and tempera by Harriet S. Phillips. The landscape art of the late Allen B.



LIBERTY.

(From the statue by Louis Saint-Gaudens.)

Talcott is illustrated by twenty-five of his paintings at the Folsom Gallery. A special exhibition of American, French and Dutch artists has been arranged at the Cottier Gallery, the collection of about thirty pictures representing William Gedney Bunce, Child Hassam, Bolton Brown, Arthur Hoeber, J. Alden Weir, Harpignies, Monticelli, Ribot, Keiser, Bosboom and others. The Kennedy Gallery is filled with an exhibition of French and English color prints of the eighteenth century.

The National Arts Club has opened an exhibition illustrating the applied arts of Germany. In the Avery Library at Columbia University there is an exhibition of material relating to French architecture, lent by Mr. Whitney Warren from his private collection. It is composed of old engravings and drawings. At the College of the City of New York Mr. Joseph Cummings Chase, of the department of art, is exhibiting examples of his recent work, including portraits, illustrations, cover designs and caricatures. As foreshadowing some future exhibitions which ought to prove of interest we may mention here the recent organization of the New York Society of Etchers. Some twenty-five enthusiasts met last week in the studio of Mr. A. G. Larned to plan this new body, arrangements were made for temporary headquarters and doubtless in a short time something will be done to bring forward a first collection of prints.

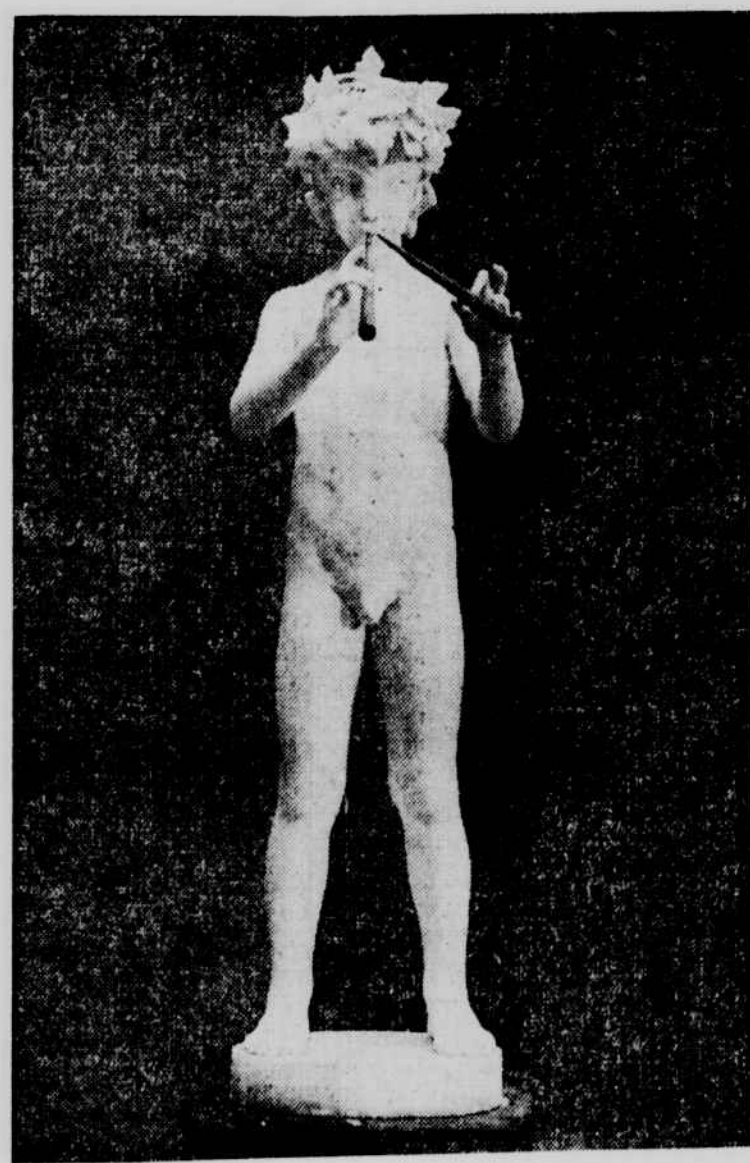
## New Works by the Ten American Painters.

It is a charming exhibition that this group of artists has arranged at the Montross Gallery. Sixteen years have gone by since the Ten as a body first came before the public. They have had their ups and downs, and latterly their exhibitions have fluctuated in value, so to say, but they have never been without a certain distinction, and this year's paintings leave, on the whole, an impression of still ebullient vitality. As usual they appear with the first signs of spring, and likewise as usual, they are in accord with the spirit of the season. It is, indeed, just because they have managed to keep their artistic youth that the Ten have ever been sure of a welcome. They may not invariably present us with unqualifiedly good pictures, but neither is their really characteristic work perfunctory.

This is a varied show, consisting of figure subjects, portraits, landscapes and studies of still life, and for good measure some of the contributors add a number of drawings, which heighten what we can only describe as the per-

sonal atmosphere of the whole affair. It is the personal note that counts, the full and rich expression of a singular point of view. Mr. Dewing has it in his single figure, which is catalogued as a portrait but really makes its appeal not as an interpretation of character but just as a delicate impression of form and color. The emphasis is finely placed on these things. There are no accessories, there is nothing to encroach upon the simplicity of the background. Mr. Dewing is content to take his stately and lovely figure for itself, wreak upon it an exquisite craftsmanship and invest it with the pure force of his style. Decidedly, this is personal work. Such work it is that we find also in the five canvases of Mr. Alden Weir, especially his landscapes. All of these are good, and one of them, the "Autumn," is superb in its easy, spontaneous disclosure of the depth and beauty of the woods. Neither of his two figure pieces, "The Lute Player" or the "Portrait," is an instance of wholly felicitous design. Mr. Weir seems to have been curiously at a loss when he came to deal with the head of his musician. The awkward pose seems to have been made worse by being fumbled. Yet in both these paintings there is an abundance of sound technique which is, into the bargain, full of individuality. It is odd to see how Mr. Simmons has oscillated between these two phases of the same element in his "Portrait of Mrs. F." and his other portrait of a lady which is called, from an accessory brought effectively into play, "The Crystal Ball." The first of these performances is merely a bit of efficient but pedestrian work, testifying to nothing more than the fact that Mr. Simmons knows his trade. In "The Crystal Ball" he endues his efficiency with a finer, more distinguished quality. In design, in color, in sentiment, in everything, this is not only a mature but a most engaging production.

The painters of light and air here represented seem to have been spending much of their time indoors. One of them, Mr. Child Hassam, has not by any means lost in the process anything of his luminosity. In fact, while his "Summer Idyl" with its deftly introduced nude, is typical enough of his open-air habit, it is not half as good as it ought to be, in view of the beauty which he has often got out of similar motives, whereas the interiors that he now shows are among the best things he has ever painted. The large one, "Young Woman Reading a Letter," altogether admirable for its color, is also very beautiful in its painting of light. Delightful as pendants to this are his few tiny panels, illustrative of an unfamiliar vein which it is to be hoped Mr. Hassam will not neglect. His still-life, "Fruit and Chinese Jars," good as to the light but too hot in color, is as a picture uninteresting. It is the only painting in his group of nine which fails to give pleasure. Apropos of this question of illumination, it seems a pity that Mr. Benson, perfectly natural and successful as he is in the open air, as witness his "September Afternoon," a picture of two girls sewing, should fall upon an insidious sophistication when he attacks more formal themes. "My Daughter" is a portrait so alluring in its picturesqueness that one shrinks from applying to it even the faintest shade of disparagement, yet the sweet spirit of the work and its skilful execution cannot conceal the excessive artificiality with which the painter has arranged his



PAN.

(From the statue by Louis Saint-Gaudens.)

play of light. The same point confronts us in "The Gray Room," which is not a study of life, but the reproduction of a tableau, and here adverse criticism is even further invited by the prosaic and even awkward disposition of the various factors in the design. Why, we wonder, were these all kept so far down in the canvas, leaving the upper part to seem empty? But what troubles us most in the scheme is that it has no originality, gives no hint of true invention. Mr. Benson, by the way, is happily represented in the room devoted to drawings. His sketches of wild fowl are capitally decorative.

His fellow Bostonians, Mr. Tarbell and Mr. DeCamp, both send portraits. Of "The Blue Lady," painted by the latter, there is nothing to say, except that it is painted well. The trick is turned ably, but without distinction. Mr. Tarbell's large and handsome canvas, "The Dreamer," is a strangely uneven thing. The head is fine, and there is some good color in the freely and broadly painted dress. One is sympathetically touched, too, by the composition. On the other hand, save on the hypothesis that the work is unfinished, in which case it might better have been withheld, the sitter's right arm, from the shoulder down to her finger tips, is merely astounding. It not only has an imperfect relation to the body, but scarcely seems to have been modelled at all. Mr. Tarbell has always been noted for his exact and sensitive draftsmanship. What in the world was he thinking of when he painted this incredible limb? Mr. Chase sends three portraits, and one of them, the "Mr. Arthur White Sullivan," is entirely successful, a sterling example of knowledge and experience smoothly employed, but for his real share in the show we must nevertheless turn to his three studies of still-life, particularly the "Fish" and the canvas quaintly catalogued as "Just Onions." The two contributions of Mr. Robert Reid in the

gallery of paintings are both portraits of young, girlish types, very attractive in color and in their open-air freshness, and he has another good portrait among the drawings, where, we may note in passing, Mr. Dewing has four beautiful studies, including a remarkable silver point. There are five landscapes by Mr. Metcalf, three of them good, workmanlike portraits of places, and two of them touched with the poetry of nature. The "Nocturne" is a lovely thing, which needs only a little relaxing of the tension, a little softening of its crispness, to be perfect, and the snow scene, "Winter's Festival," is without fault. Here are truth and sentiment faithfully reproduced in terms of beauty. Mr. Metcalf might have sent this picture alone and still have approved himself one of the staunch pillars of the exhibition.

## Louis Saint-Gaudens and His Work as a Sculptor.

Long ago Matthew Arnold in his essay on Gray threw precious light on the poet's traits by developing the fact that "he never spoke out." Gray was one of the quiet, self-contained and even self-repressing souls in the history of genius. One recalls this rare type of the artistic nature in recalling Louis Saint-Gaudens, who died a week ago at his home in Windsor, Vt. If he had been left utterly to himself it is doubtful if he would ever have spoken out, yet there were powers in him which, when he chose to exercise them, marked him as one of the really significant figures in American sculpture. The present writer met him more than once in his brother's studio and now and then had some converse with him, but never enough to disclose much of what lay behind his taciturn ways. He was a handsome man, with a fine head, and there was something subtly attractive about him. But it must have taken a long intimacy to penetrate his shy reserve. All the friendly civility of their French and Irish forebears seemed to have been withheld from Louis and embodied in his elder brother, Augustus Saint-Gaudens knew that sensitive, retiring disposition and respected it. He knew, too, the abilities lurking behind a proud quietude, and it was good to hear him speak of them, to witness his solicitude for a career which could receive no great acceleration from all that belonged to his own. Nobody could have made Louis Saint-Gaudens famous by main strength, and he was himself indifferent to such matters. But when alone with his gifts and the mood was upon him he could do beautiful work.

Now and then an artist does something the peculiar charm of which he never surpasses, even if he manages to equal it in a long and busy life. So it was with Dubois when he modelled his little "St. John" and his "Florentine Singer." So it was with Louis Saint-Gaudens when he made his "Pan." That was many years ago, so many that we wonder if he was not still in his twenties, or at any rate in his early thirties, at the time. The little statue started a kind of legend. It was heard of here and there before it was at all widely known, and then it created a stir which only became more interesting in retrospect as nothing of consequence followed it and people talked of Louis Saint-Gaudens only as a more or less mysterious man of talent in the background of his brother's life. Time passed and he affirmed himself in other statues. His name was revived and his reputation extended when he did the lions for the Public Library in Boston, and more recently one heard rather exciting rumors of the series of monumental figures he had undertaken for the Union Station at Washington. Some of these, from photographs taken in his studio, we reproduce to-day. Even in small, inadequate illustrations one may see that this sculptor was no ordinary craftsman, but an artist of weight. And the most casual photograph of the "Pan" shows that he was also more than that, an artist with a streak of inspiration in him. Because he would not speak out the world practically passed him by. "He was a recluse and a dreamer," a friend who knew him well writes to us. Such men take long to assert themselves. But when they do they leave a serious mark.

Seriousness, or perhaps we should say a fine sincerity, was the essential quality of Louis Saint-Gaudens. The beauty

of his "Pan" lies partly in its sweetness and grace as an interpretation of the spirit of blithe childhood, and it lies even more in the profound sculptural feeling which went to the making of the statue, in the modelling which is so full of knowledge and strength and is at the same time so subtle, so fine, so instinct with style. It is a little piece, yet the man who made it unmistakably approached sculpture with a certain largeness of view. He ennobled the slender, fragile form. Portraying it, it was as though he had arrived at an almost Greek synthesis of his subject. One would, indeed, call this a work of Greek beauty if it were not even richer in the more sensuously human quality which we associate with the Italian Renaissance.

On this occasion, if ever in his life, the sculptor was both a master and a poet. Here he had his one unmistakable gust of creative genius. In the rest of his life's work he missed that purely exquisite rapture. But in sheer strength and dignity his art waxed the fuller, gaining in breadth and simplicity and taking on especially the bold virtues of monumental structure. There is good composition in his figures, the draperies are handled with energy and judgment, and, above all, a statue by him has character. He knew how to be decorative, but not in any thin or merely pretty way. Vague traces of the grand style creep into his conceptions. It is sorrowful to think that Augustus Saint-Gaudens could not have seen these statues for Washington. He would have been the first to acclaim their merits, always eager as he was to acknowledge his brother's power and to crave for him the rank that he deserved. Some day the balance will be redressed, and even now, we believe, that day is at hand. It cannot be long before there is a general recognition of the heavy loss American art has suffered in the death of Louis Saint-Gaudens.

## The Arundel Club Latest Portfolio.

The annual publications of the Arundel Club, that admirable society formed in London nine years ago, really enlarge the experience of the student. In these portfolios only those pictures are reproduced which are preserved in private collections and have not, as a



PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH A WHITE GREYHOUND.  
(From the painting by Jan Livens.)

rule, been previously photographed. The result is that the subscriber every year comes upon new and beautiful things, and when, in some instances, the picture happens to be not altogether unfamiliar, it is at any rate put before us in what is always welcome, a truly fine plate. There are twenty photographs in the current portfolio, illustrating the Italian, Spanish, French, Flemish, and English schools. They make an invaluable little collection.

One of the fascinating things about the Arundel Club's work is the light that it sheds upon the mass of artistic treasures in England. We hear much about the steady sale of heirlooms by the impoverished descendants of noble families, but there still remain, in many an ancient house, paintings of the very highest quality. For the portfolio before us one collection has been generously drawn upon, the collection of Mr. E. S. Spencer-Churchill. In it there is one of the most exquisite things Fra Angelico ever painted, his "Miracle of Saints Cosmas and Damianus," a panel which is rightly described in the text as a jewel of fifteenth-century Florentine art. With it we have, from the Italian school, a superb "Salutation" by Moretto, and a similarly beautiful religious subject by Palma Vecchio. Mr. Spencer-Churchill would have been generous if he had contributed only his Italian pictures to this portfolio, but he has also permitted the photographing of two fine old French paintings and examples of Breughel and Jan Livens, which are of quite unusual importance. The Livens is a glorious portrait, and Breughel's "Peasant Wedding" represents that master in a mood untouched by the bizarre humor which sometimes makes him a little unsympathetic. Here his figures are simply so many truthful portraits of mere human beings, they are distributed through the composition with a wonderfully artless realism, and in his background Breughel paints an extraordinarily interesting landscape.

The portrait of Philip's little son,

Don Prosper, attributed to Velasquez, is probably not from that master's hand, but it is a good painting nevertheless. From the Somers collection there come some notable portraits by Van Cuelen, Romney, and Raeburn, and a particularly handsome Van Dyck. To revert to the South we may note that the Somers collection also



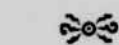
CERES.  
(From the statue by Louis Saint-Gaudens.)

supplies a lovely Baldovinetti, and Sir Claude Phillips contributes a very interesting Madonna by a North Italian master. There are good examples, too, of Perino del Vaga and Andrea del Brescianino. But only too little is signified by this swift enumeration. There is scarce a plate in the collection which we are not sorely tempted to discuss at length. We must be content, however, roughly to indicate the value of the services rendered by the Arundel Club to amateurs of art everywhere. This is the kind of enterprise

on the "rive gauche," which have an honored history of over two centuries, are doomed to disappearance. No official fiat has gone forth for their demolition, but the decay of the old type of amateur, the bibliophile, and perhaps the modern craze for speed, has caused to vanish the occupation of these ambulatory book purveyors beloved, among others, by Anatole France.

**TIT FOR TAT.**  
From The Manchester Guardian.  
Meissonier, the famous French painter, was once asked for an unusual fee by a doctor. The painter sent hurriedly for the doctor, who was greatly annoyed on his arrival to find that his patient was not Meissonier or a member of the family, but a pet dog. But he swallowed the slight and bided his time until the question of fee arose. Then he quietly deprecated any suggestion of taking the artist's money. "No," he said, "my garden gate wants painting; come and do that, and we shall be quits."

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LEARNING.

(From the statue by Louis Saint-Gaudens.)